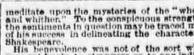
EDWIN BOOTH'S BRAIN.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE DEAD TRAGEDIAN'S HEAD. Symmetry and Fineness of Quality in Motive

and Fibre Were Dominant Characteristics
- Sympathetic Appreciation, Not Mimiery,
Was the Secret of His Great Art.

Diwin Booth had a large brain in all the best senses of the term, for the developments were chiefly in the superior and frontal portions. The east of the tragedian's head inken after death shows a basilar circumference of 23 Inches and a transcoronal measurement from the opening of one car to the other of 14 Inches. From ear to ear around the forehead the distance is 13 inches, and from the root of the nose over the median line to the occipital

The occiput, or back head, was not large. There was not much friendship, attachment, love, or affection of any kind for persons out-



meditate upon the mysteries of the "whence and whither." To the conspicuous strength of the sentiments in question may be traced much of his success in delineating the characters of Shakespeare.

His behavoience was not of the sort which goes out freely to strangers or to any individuals as such, except a chosen few. This part of the brain, as any one may see in a profile photograph, was developed upward and backward, indirating a bread philanthropy rather than a special and ready sympathy for immediate misery, excepting always his nearest friends and rolaty sympathy for immediate misery, excepting always his nearest friends and rolatives. Hope was very weak, and its delicinely produced a sloping appearance a little below and forward of firmness, which is at the summit of the head on a line with the ears. The head was wide at eaution. Conscientiousness was probably larger than it appeared on account of the drooping of several adjoining conventions, particularly those of self esteem, approbativeness, and hope. However, the sense of duty is often deficient in artists of all classes, for it tends to produce a certain inflexibility and pression of thought and manner which are somewhat opposed to the spirit of artistic work.

The forshead was finely balanced. It was symmetrically developed in nearly every pertion. The perceptives—Individually, form, size, weight, color, eventuality, and locality



FROM THE CAST MADE IMMEDIATELY AFTER EDWIN BOOTH'S DEATH.

side of a very select circle. He was exceedingly loyal and devoted to a few. but he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. Indeed, not many men could endure the seclusion which seemed to afford him satisfaction. And, though un-consciously a mighty conqueror of the gentler sex, very few women could have commanded his love. He was instinctively a monogamist, and the moderate development of his cerebel-lum, as well as the compressed and finely chiselled lips and chin, betokened conjugal affection, both refined and under excellent control. The head was rather high at firmness, but the calipers showed only 5% inches from the auditory opening to the seat of self-esteem. He had very little of the feeling of self-reliance or self-importance and not much love of appro-bation. Probably no other man ever received so much applause with equal indifference.

There could scarcely have been a more sensitive or modest nature. He used to say that his first ambition was simply to become a "leading man." His head was also narrow at the sides, a little above and forward of the ears, in the region of acquisitiveness, the diameter of the cast there being only about six inches. At destructiveness, just above the ears, the calipers showed only a little over six inches, and at combativeness there was only an average willth.

The crown rose to a considerable height in the central portions, at veneration, sense of the marvellous, and benevolence. His mind seems to have been centred in a species of aspiration toward certain planes of sentiment, which most persons would define as religion. Mr. Booth may not have had any fixed belief in the orthodox creeds, but he must have been very sensitive to all occult influences, and inclined to There could scarcely have been a more sensi-

ILLUSTRIOUS JEWS.

Men of the Despised Race Who Have Com-A smart young gentleman, evidently suffer ing from the effects of an overdose of anti-Semiticism, sent the following query to the

Paris Figaro : What Israelites, ancient and modern, de-

music, literature, and painting?" And this is the way that he got more than

he bargained for: The question is insidious, possibly unintentionally so, because in the manner in which it

is put it is difficult to give an answer that would not wound the vanity of the Jews. The writer has specified the particular spheres in which he wishes to confine the fame of the Jews, and it happens that three out of four of them are precisely those in which it has been impossible for the Jews, from the time when they became dispersed and mingled their history with the histories of other nations, to

Why does not the anxious inquirer extend his curiosity to the desire of knowing what Israelites have become illustrious in philosophy. in exegesis, and in philosophical erudition, from the most ancient times down to the present day? Then there would be nothing out an "embarrassment of choice."

All who have analyzed the psychology of the

Jew are unanimous in the recognition that philosophy is a branch of human knowledge in which he excels. M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu has explained this superiority of the Israelites by "their historical education, by their hereditary study of ancient texts, by their migrations, and by the frequency of their travels, free or forced, through countries of different languages."

This tradition of the Jewish genius has been continued down to our own time. It is suffi cient to run over the records of our academies to discover what a gloriously disproportioned place the Jew holds in this particular branch

We also find many Jewish names in the history of the exact sciences-Herschel, W. Beer, Halphen. And in medicine we find Jews from Malmonide to Germain See, including Lom-

brose and the dector of Charles the Bald.

In the domain of political sciences illustrious

In the domain of political sciences illustrious Israelites are by no means scarce. The economists owe to Judaism liteardo, the Socialists Lassalie and Kari Marx, the Saint, Simonians Rodrigue and Fereire. We cite merely at random and hastily, because these are not precisely the illustrious men that we have to deal with here.

Our correspondent wants to know who were the great diplomatists produced by Israel. He might as well ask who were the great bieyelists of the Renaissance. We could hardly expect the sovereigns of other days to hunt up their plenipotentiaries in the thetto: and even at the present day it would be distasteful to them to have ambassadors who attend the synagogue. The legal prejudice is abolished, but the social prejudice still exists. For all that it cannot be said that the Israelites have not succeeded in hewing out considerable influence in the domain of active polities. It is scarcely half a century since they were first permitted to enjoy the honor of being something in the governments of States, but in that brief period they have produced Disraeli. Goschen, Lussati, Cremicux, and Gambetta.

But politics is one thing and diplomacy an-

being something in the governments of States, but in that brief period they have produced Disraell, Goschen, Lussati, Crémicux, and Gambeta.

But politics is one thing and diplomacy another. We mean that it is a part of politics in which worldly prejudice still holds too large a place to permit the Jew to flatter himself with the hope of having access to it for a long time to come. Many strong reasons have hindered the Jews up to this day to become liturations in literature and painting. We say nothing of music, in which the Israelite has in all times been a past muster. He possesses a native aptitude for it, due perhaps to the state of extreme nervous sensibility which is one of the physiological traits of the race, and which all historians have remarked. This aptitude has had some illustrious incarnations hardly necessary to name—Mendelssoin, Halevy. Meyerteer, and why not Offenbach? And we must not forget the brilliant additions to the work of the masters contributed by the two interpreters, Joschim and flubinstein.

In literature the situation of the Jew was altogather different and far more arduous. The erudites toil us that Solomon Ibn Gabirol was the renovator of Hebrew postry, and that Jehuda Halévy, the poet of the "Sionidea." composed upon the misfortunes of Jerusalem the most beautiful stanzas in existence. But the curiosity of the present time wishes to be

were all large. Order, the mathematical faculty, and music seem to have been moderate. His order was the result of taste, love of beauty, and a mechanical sense, rather than a desire for primness and system in material arrangement. He had also a good development of the upper forehead, which signifies reflective intellect, or the power to think and philipselect, or the power to think and philipselect, or the power to think and philipselect, or the prominent eyes gave unmistakable evidence of phenomenal verbal memory, cloquence, and fluency of speech. The form of the lids suggested sincerity, and the general expression indicated poetic sentiment of the highest order. The diameter in the upper temporal region of the cast at hicality is livelinches. The cast of Lawrence Barrett at the same spot is three-quarters of an inch wider. Barrett had a more expansive, turgid, and florid imagination than Mr. Booth, but the latter excelled him in genuine artistic instinct and taste, as a result of his closer fibre and more harmonious brain. There was no phenomenal width at any part of Mr. Booth's head, and as to his ideality, he had more exquisiteness of feeling than extravagance in this direction; and in appreciation of the quality of things rather than their mere ornamentation, and in the conception of a high polish, whether material or mental, it is doubtful if he had any superiors.

Edwin Booth was not a great mimle in the ordinary sense, and while he had the rare ability to disguise his personality within certain limits, he was best in the interpretation of a few sublime characters with which he sympathized at heart, such as Hamlet, Richeleu, and Lear. He was a great actor largely because of his general superiority as a man, and he might have become distinguished in many other departments, especially in modicine. He could have been eminent as auregon, and but for his modesty he would have done much more than he did in a literary way. He was magnanimous and be might have been eminent as auregon, and the dear the could hav

satisfied by the works of easier access. Let us take Heinrich Heins. We can understand him. But after him whom can we cite? Contemporaries full of talent, whose names are in every mouth. But several generations of men of talent have been necessary to make one illustrious man, and the weakness of the Jewish race consists in having been able to commence only during the last thirty years to produce consecutively men of letters.

A work of philosophical speculation or abstract sclence may be conceived and elaborated far away from man; but a work of art is

A work of philosophical speculation or abstract science may be conceived and elaborated far away from man; but a work of art is the product of constant communication between the mind of the writer and the mind of his country, and of his time. That is why literature has only commenced to be possible for the Jews from the hour when they ceased to lead, in the countries where they lived the life of retreat, of exception, and of social separation to which eight centuries of persecution had condemned them.

For the same reason they have no illustrious painters or sculptors. But here, again, many distinguished mon can be cited. Heilbuth, Ley, Worms, Israels, Antokolsky, are names that honer Judalsm and art; but the great man has yet to come. The Israelites have not yet had sufficient time to bring him out.

In art as in literature the Jews are the new-comers. It has been said that this slowness to adapt themselves to the practice of plastic arts comes from the hereditary repugnance which the Jews have for manual labor; but the true reason must be sought for elsewhere. For a long time the artist owed the security of his work and his livelihood to the rich who were his only customers. Between these great protectors of the artistic idea and the Jewish genius the Ghetto raised its harrier. It was only possible for Jews to become artists when art became entiraly free. That is the reason why the great Jews is as yet an unknown product, except in music and poetry.

The Jews have had philosophers and men of learning, savants of the first order. They have even furnished to Catholicism some eminent prelates: they have given to the dramatic art its two most famous actresses, and to politics two or three subjects beyond comparison. They count several great poets and illustrious musicians; but the great Jewish diplomatists, painters, and sculptors have not yet arrived; and it certainly is not the fault of the Jews if they are a little inte.

The Nation Abandoning Its Proverbial

From the London St. James's Gusette. The French as a nation were very free from the gambling passion before the war, but ince then a great change has taken place. Herse racing has undergone a great extension. out by no means in the same proportion that betting on horses has increased. It is the ookmaker, not the jockey, who has done the mischief. Formerly the French never bet on horses except at the race course; they went to enjoy the spectacle. Now most of the betting goes on in cafés and wine shops, and the measures taken by the Government of late

goes on in cates and wine shops, and the measures taken by the Government of late years to reduce the evil arising from this state of things well known.

But where botting is concerned there is always a way of outflanking the law, and the number of persons belonging to the petite bonvarouse and the working class who, spend all the time that they can steal from their regular employment at the house of the sporting cartier and mastroquel increases rather than diminishes. The cafeter himself, although his business is to keep out of danger and to make as much as he can from others who are drawn into it, is sometimes entangled in the same meshes with his customers, or allows the shrewdest of them to victimize him. This was the case with the man Coupé who kept a small cafe and wine shop in the live dela Giacliere, whose excessive faith in theyard—modern French for "tips"—brought him to the brink of ruin. Like a Monte Carlo gambler, broken down in bank and credit, he saw no solution but death; and having brought his wife to the same way of thinking, he shot her, his two children, and then himself. It is this horrible affair that has made the betting nuisance in Faris again a subject of public discussion. The Government has been asked to take measures still more draconian in order to put it down; but experience has proved that when people have fallen into bad habits they are not to be brought back to the straight path of austere virtue by logislation. The truth is that the same class of people who formerly were content to toil year atter year, denying themselves all luxurles and putting by every spare franc in order to secure for themselves a little independence, now find either that the struggle is too severe and hopeless or that their resolution is not equal to so prolonged an effort. All are casting about to lind short cuts to fortune; and the conclusion to which most of them cone is that there is no short cut to this much desired goal except gambling, either of the frank and open kind or disguised by phraseology th

JOHN M'CULLOUGH'S END.

THE REHEARSAL THAT FOLLOWED HIS LAST NIGHT IN PUBLIC.

Richelleu's Defiance to the Convpirator Who Scoffed at His Falling Mind the Last Words Spoken by the Tragedian on the Singe-His Manager Tells of the Actor's Decline in Mental and Bodily Health,

No tragedy in which the late John McCullough ever played is so full of pathos as was his last night upon the stage. The edifice of his dramatic fame, erected by patient and ia-borious processes, had been slowly crumbling for months, but there was an awful suddenness in the final collapse. This downfall of great mental and physical forces, this cracking of a noble heart, has never been put rightly upon record. The memory of a good and gentle man, whose life was one long chapter of kind deeds and benefactions, has been assailed by the vil-est aspersions. These, it is to be hoped, were born of a deplorable tendency to scandal and idle gossin, rather than personal manignity. for John McCullough did harm to no one, and he should not have had an enemy on earth.

On Christmas morning, 1882, Mr. McCul-lough, who was playing his annual holiday engagement in Philadelphia, awoke at the Con-tinental Hotel and for the first time in his life complained of illness. When he sought to rise he fell back suffering intense pain in the abdominal region. An eminent sur-geon, the late Dr. Paneoast, who had been his warm personal friend for years, was hastily summoned. He discovered instantly what was wrong and in answer to his patient's anxious inquiry he gently said: "John, you are suffering from severe hernia." Mr. Me-Cullough turned ashen pale and was speechless for a moment. Recovering his self-posession he expressed incredulity, but the surgeon assured him there could be no mistake about the diagnosis. At the same he sought to re-assure him. "Why, old friend," said he. "don't let this distress you. Hernia is a very common thing indeed. Ryan fought Sullivan while he was wearing a truss. You will be as good as ever when we have fixed you up."

An Instrument maker was summoned, the necessary appliance was provided, and Mr. McCullough went about all day and played at light without serious inconvenience. But from that time he was a changed man. He was seized with deep depression. Illness or physical injury in any form was unknown to him. His splendid physical vigor had been his pride. From a genial, buoyant, happy man he became a misanthrope. He was oppressed with the apprehension that his professional career was ruined. For hours he would sit in

his room brooding over the mishap which he as persistently exasperated. His friends sought Invaint to the suffered little real inconvenience from this injury, the exact origin of which was never olear. Posship the disruption of abdominal tissues resulted from violent exertion in a stage count of the summary of the summa

the arena, under promise of freedom for his wife and child. Mr. McCullough strode feebly to the centre of the stage, and stood with clasped hands and bowed head. When he spoke, the hollow, empty sound of his voice struck terror to the hearts of the actors who stood about him and loved him. It was not Spariacus, but the ghost of Spariacus confronting them. Blowly and carefully he continued, but with steadily increasing uncertainty. His spirft was broken, his faculties were rebellious, he was like a man dazed by a terrible blow. As the action of the play progressed he went from bad to worse. In the thrilling scene in the arena, where Spariacus discovers that he has for an adversary his own brother, and incites the gladiators to revoit, his helplessness was allke distressing to his fellow-players and the people who sat in front amazed by the strange spectacle. He did not know where to move, or what to do, and several times he looked despairingly toward the prompt entrance and inquired audibly. What shall say?

The last act was chaos. Mr. McCullough stammered and muttered disconnected speeches; he grouped his way like one stricken with blindness. The members of his company ralled about him like a body guard around their loader in the defeat of battle. They supported and sustained him. They threw him some of his lines, and spoke others themselves. They rushed the unhappy scene to its quickest possible climax. There were in that wondering audience many who devined the truth, and whose eyes were wet with sympathy. Others, thoughtless and ribald, who seemed to believe that Mr. McCullough, utterly exhausted, was lifted to his feet. The sound of applause came to his cars. It was the rebuke of his generous sympathizors to the human lackals enarling at the fallen lim. He almost staggered in front of the curtain, and stood for an instant to his feet. For an instant he stood irresolute, and then then the remembrance of insult uppermost in mind, he said:

"In a limit a law of the substance of his law and suffered to night as

with southers and uncovered neads, no said
"That's the way to play Spartacus! I never
acted so well in my life."

He had already forgotten the troubled
scenes of that awful night.
A rehearal had been called for 12 o'clock
the following day. Long before the hour Mr.
A rehearal had been called for 12 o'clock
the following day. Long before the hour Mr.
astreed that the engagement must close aummarily. It may be asked why this decisive
siep had not been taken before. In reply it
can only be said that so sudden and lamentatio a culimination had not been anticipated.
A crowning man clings to a floating
spar. Acting was his only atimulus, and he
seemed to realize that when this was withheld
its must speedly perish. How true this was
the events of the next few mouths amply
rehearsal. A brother actor. Thomas W. Keenswho had been with him in the famous San
Francisco company, and was then playing
a star engagement at another local theatre,
not thin at the suitance to the alley, and, with
the stage door. Keene, like all the rost knew
that the onl had come, but although his eyes
were full of tears, his voice spoke only cheerful greetine.

The mombers of the company stood about
the coffin of the dead. They knew that
at the very beginning of the season they were
to be thrown out of their engagements, yet
there was no thought of personal perplexity
of the polymant and sincers, at the deaster to
the trown out of their engagements, yet
there was no thought of personal perplexity
of the polymant and sincers, at the deaster of
the dramatis had been deemed best to acquant Mr. McCullough with the situation privately, he was ignorant of what had been decided upon. The mock rehearant logan.

It was fire saddest scene that has everthere was no thought of personal perplexity
of the polymant and sincers of the company
at the very beginning of the season they were
to be thrown out of their engagements, yet
there was no thought of personal perplexity
of self-the season they were
there was not the personal interview.

The tr

INDIVIDUAL WEAR AND TEAR. An Octogenarian Recounts the Accidents
that Have Befallen Him.

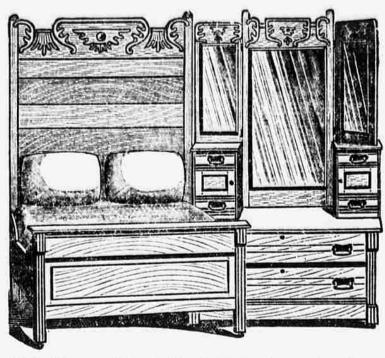
From the Wilmington News.

sought to dissuade him from this dangerous tax upon his memory. He was enaonably sate in 'Virginius,' but it was quite another thing to recall the lines of six long tragle parts, some of which he had not assayed for many months. Mr. McCullough, however, opposed with irritation all obugestions of the kind, guardedly of tation all obugestions of the kind, guardedly of Monday morning a rehearsal of Dr. Bird's tragedy. The Gladiator,' which was to be performed that evening.

The rehearsal had not progressed more than a quarter of an hour before it became evident that the one familiar speeches with which he was wont to thrill his audifores had amost in the was making soap. I saw a dipper whom felt a premonition of ancetological of whom felt a premonition of an electronic was allowed the was wasted to the first of the waster of a lake the state of the lines of the state of the lines of syndraus, and repeated the lines of syndraus, and the body down. The rein hook caught me in the particular of the syndraus of

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Continuation of the Great Carpet Sale. Positive one week more. The last chance. Best quality of Moquettes 75c. per yard, all new patterns; old patterns 65c. Elegant Axminsters and Gobelins for \$1.00 per yard. The above about one-half their usual price. Big discount on all kinds of carpetings. All from the best manufacturers.



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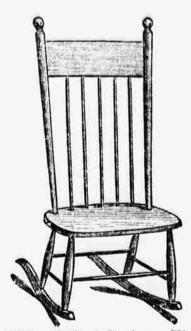
\$50 Chamber Suits for \$32.

\$75 Chamber Suits for \$45.

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BROOKLYN FURNITURE COMPANY,

571 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHAT ONE ACRE WILL TIELD, The Limit Probably Reached by Land in An acre of land is 4,840 square yards, or 43.500 square feet. It is the ordinary measure of ground among farmers and surveyors, but the earning capacity of acres varies considerably. About the simplest use, involving the least skill and labor, to which an acre of land may be put is to the growing of trees upon it. This requires no capital, but pa-tience, and yields, on the average, \$2.25 per acre a year. Then there are the fruits of husbandry and farming, gained through toil and cultivation, and greatest of course in the rolling prairies or virgin lowlands of the West and Northwest. But taking farming lands nearer home, in New York State, these are found to be the net returns per acre: Rye. \$8.50; oats, \$11; wheat, \$15; barley, \$17; corn. \$18; pens. \$67; sweet potatoes, \$75; spinach, \$80; watermelons, \$81; grapes, \$122; currants, \$120; cabbage, \$133; beets, \$150; peaches, \$150; strawberries, \$150; tomatoes, \$165; muskmelens, \$158; asparagus, \$183, and celery, \$214. The adaptability of the land for such products varies, and the value of an acre corresponds with such variance. The perishable crops are subject to great damage, and require usually more cultivation and greater care.

Taking ten feet as the average width of a railroad bed, 4,356 feet of track would comprise, stretched out in a straight line, an acre of land. This is more than four-fliths of a mile of railroad. The portion of the Fennaylyania road between New York and Philaielphia is generally acknowledged among railroad men to have the largest gross carnings of any in the world, with the two exceptions of the New York elevated and the fondon under ground. But taking, as faiter for the purpose, the whole Fennaylyania system, it is found that the annual gross receipts amount to about \$100,000,000 for the 2,500 miles of track operated. Of this total, \$47,500,000 is net receipts. In other words, this railroad system same \$15,000 a mile, net, or \$12,500 an acre, and the latter figure may be given as the highest earning capacity of an acre of land given over to railroad transportation. This is a high figure. It is greater than the gains from either forestry or husbandry, but it shrinks into unimportance compared with the revenue yielded by an acre of New York city, including the two wards beyond the Harlem River, is nearly 25,000 acres. That tranquil stream divides, territorially, the town into two almost equal parts, there being 12,576 acres south and 12,317 acres north of it. The most valuable parts, there being 12,576 acres south and 12,317 acres north of it. The most valuable parts of the city of New York is the First ward, lying south of Liberty street and Maiden lane, and covering 154 acres. The assessed value of its real estate is \$80,000,000, and allowance is made for the difference between assessed and the actual values, it appears that the real estate of this territory is worth not less than \$155,000,000, or at the rate of \$1.000,000 an acre, which is probably larger than asparagus, \$180, and celery, \$214. The adaptability of the land for such products

"In these days of enterprise and competition in trade," said a citizen, "there is no reason why we should be suprised at anything; and yet, do you know I did feel just a little bit surprised when I saw this morning, in front of a stationery store, a card reading 'To-day Bkillby's ink 45 cents a quart,' and I felt almost tempted to go in and buy a quart; or a pint, suyhow." COLLIE AND WATCHMAN.

Sport" Fatthfully Guards the Stable While

Mis Human Colleague Naps at Will. There are two night watchmen in a wellknown livery stable up town. They are retained to guard the premises against fire or thieves, to answer late telephone calls for carriages, and to see that none of the horses get out of their stalls. The other night the proprietor of the stables was explaining that one of the watchmen sometimes fell asleep, but nevertheless, he always felt secure because the other was always on the alert. This very

of the watchmen sometimes fell asleep, but nevertheless, he always felt secure because the other was always on the alert. This very reliable watchman doesn't receive any salary, while the other does, and the only expense that the former is to the owner is the little meat or milk he eats, these two foods comprising his entire diet.

"I was offered \$100 for him," said the proprietor, "but I laughed at the offer."

While he was talking a horse was being unharnessed from a carriage, preparatory to being taken to his stall, and the faithful watchman was jumping around, emitting short, onick barks. When the horse was ready he ran in front of him, leading the way to the right stall, then dodged around behind the horse's heels, and, by a few more significant barks, convinced the latter that he'd better walk into his stall, and stand far enough forward to allow the har to be not up behind him. Soort, as this clever fellow is called, is a large collie, with big intelligent eyes and a brain that would discount many a man's. He siceps in the day time, but never winks at night. The human watchman may snore in peace, knowing full well that he will be awakened if anything requires his attention. Sport doesn't bother him if the horses get loose, because he can attend to them himself. A quick rush at the horse's head to turn him in the right direction, and then another at his heels to accelerate his pace, and nine times out of ten the horse is tack in his stall in a jiffy. If he is fractious and disincilined to obey orders he will feel Sport's teeth in his hind legs very quickly. Let him kick as hard as he deases, he'll nover reach Sport, No sconer has the latter nipped his legs than he falls flat, with his head itown, and the horse's heels fly over him without so much as grazing him. When they strike the floor again Sport gives them another nip by way of panishment, and that almost invariably brings the horse to terms. Sport never bites hard, but only gives a quick his.

Sport is all around the stables until after midnight, wh

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Sam Jones's Joke on an Eloping Counts.

strayed away while on guard.

Bustot, Tenn., June 18.—The Rev. Sam P. Jones played a practical joke on a young couple who were eloping from Flord county. Vn., to-day to get married. He showed the prospective groom, Mr. kingles, a telegram purporting to be from the boy's father, saying: Don't allow my son and Miss Ekiss to marry; under age. Arrest them and put him in jail.

The telegram was put in the hands of a Sheriff pro tem, who fills the description of Hinton Carr of Tuscumbia. Als. The tor gave right in, but the girl said she would never do it. do it.

Mr. Junes finally agreed to go on the young man's bond for \$50,000, and turned the gouple loose. They went into the Wicketts House, where they were married. The boy was badly scared, and thought all the while that the evangelist was in dead carnest.

YALE'S FOOTBALL CANDIDATES Will Not Report for Strict Training Until

New Haven, June 24.-While Capt. Ives. Bob Cook, and Josh Hartwell are at New London, and Capt. Bliss and Walter Camp are here, all striving to carry the blue to the front on the water and baseball field, Capt. F. A. Hincker of Yale's 'varsity football eleven is taking a long look ahead toward the time when he will of necessity become one of the central figures in the sporting world. Hinckey is already laying out work for his men during the summer months. He will not demand rigid training. Unlike the Harvard eleven, whose members will be together most of the summer, the Yate men will be allowed to spend their vaca-tion as they please. Each will be provided tion as they please. Each will be provided with a football before leaving the campus for good, and they will be advised to kick it enoughto keep their muscles limber.

During April Capt. Hinckey had several men training in the gymnasium lot, but this was done more to see what sort of material he had to commence with for positions back of the line. The old Yale rush line was not called upon, and it is doubtful if there would have been any work done, were it not for the fact that Yale will open the season weak behind the line. Her old men are gone and new ones must be schooled to fill the vacancles.

Among those who worked through April, and who have been requested to report for duty next fall, are: G. S. Thorne, 'B. New York; T. Dwyer, '15, Woodstock, Vt.; G. Z. Gray, 'Bl. New York; M. C. Lilley, 'B4. Columbus; C. S. Morris, 'BC. New Haven; F. B. Johnson, '180. Unlouville, Coan, All of these men had experience back of the line last fall, either as members of the college team or freshmen. Of the old rush line, there will be stillman, at centre; Hickey and Greenway, ends, and Butterworth full back. From the second, or the college eleven, as it is called, the following men have been requested to return here early; E. L. Messler, Armstring, G. T. Adee, De Witt, and Bergen.

As yet the management have not secured grounds for fall practice, but it is generally understood that the field on Travers Island, New York, will be at the disnosal of men trying for positions behind the rush line early in menced there not later than Sept. 10. All candidates for the eleven have been ordered to report for strict training on Sept. 20. Then the regular routine work at the Yalo Field will be commenced. Capt. Hinckey says that he dees not believe in training football players during the hot weather. He thinks faithful work during the fall will accomplish more. with a football before leaving the campus for

Hard Times Recatted.

From Good Notes

Little Girl - Was your folks poor when you were a little girl?
Grandma - Wo thought we were, my dear, We were pioneer farmers, and lived in a log cabin; but it was large and comfortable; the floors were warmly carpeted; we had plenty to eat and pienty to wear. But we raised everything ourselves, and made our own cloth. We had no money to go to stores, even if we had been near any; and so we felt very, very poor. There were two things we were all fond of, and, oh, how we longed for them, and how we wished we could afford them; but we couldn't, and it made us feel very miserable to be so poor. Those two things were salt mackerel and store molasses.

Little Girl - Ooo! Why, what did you have to eat, then?
Grandma - Nothing but heef, mutton, chicken, venison, quali, soultrels, wild ducks, brook frout, and such things; and as for molasses, we hadn't anything but made syrup. Little Girl-Was your folks poor when you

Menjudger. From I sick.

Mrs. Kindly—Now. I'll give you a dime, poor man. But I hope you will not go and get drank with it. The Foor Man tunes burth—Lady, you do me a great wrong to surgest such a thing.

Mrs. Kindly—I dulut mean to accuse you.

The Foor Man—I'm grad of it, lady. Du I look like a man who could get drunk on a dime?